

They are Not.

Semper ego Auditor tantum?

Juv.



L O N D O N:

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They are Not.

OF all the Torments, Cares and Plagues that wait
 On the laborious Drudg'ry of State;
 Of all the various Crosses that still tease
 The Wretch, who toils to give a Nation Ease;
 5 No greater Curse too partial Fate has sent,
 Than the false Gries of envious Discontent.----
 Tho' still assiduous for his Country's Good,
 He flies ev'n common Joys, and needful Food;
 Tho' Sleep's a Stranger to his longing Eyes,
 10 Which anxious Fear and restless Thought supplies;
 Tho' thousand Dangers throng his thorny Way,
 Thick as the rolling Waves that croud the Sea;
 And tho' thro' all he steers his steady Course,
 Baffles th' impetuous Torrent's head-long Force,
 15 Risks the wild Rout, unaided, and alone,
 And for each Peasant's Safety stakes his own.
 Still, still, hard Lot! he hourly feels the Bite
 Of ranc'rous Malice, Calumny and Spite:
 Th' ungrateful Worm, preserv'd by painful Art,
 20 Attempts to sting its fost'ring Patron's Heart;
 And giddy Parties bid their Fury rise,
 'Gainst him that saves their Liberties and Lives.

Whence, gracious Heav'n, has this vile Monster Birth,
 That thus infects th' ungrateful Sons of Earth!

Say,

- 25 Say, from what Vice this causeless Murm'ring springs,
 The certain Lot of Ministers and Kings?
 From Spite; proud Spite, that squints upon the Throne,
 Nor brooks a Pow'r superior to its own:
 Parent of Discord, Tumult, Feud and Strife,
 30 Foe to all Honour, Bane of social Life:
 Restless, Ambitious, Insolent, and Vain,
 The Wretches Glory, but the Great's Disdain.
 Or from th'important Bubble, Self-conceit;
 That Scale that gives each Coxcomb's Actions Weight;
 35 That flatt'ring Picture that deludes vain Eyes;
 That faithless Mirror, where the Fool seems wise.
 Full fraught with this, poor *Lullus* cries, "Come down,
 "Thou helpless, ign'rant Steward to the Crown:
 "Is it for thee, thou blund'ring Lump of Pride,
 40 "A Nation's various Policies to guide?
 "Quit, quit the Reins. --- From my more steady Hand,
 "Soon shalt thou learn to save, and please the Land;
 "Soon shalt thou see Success my Labours crown,
 "And thy repeated Errors conscious own.
 45 O Mortals, blind to Fate! --- too often bent
 To covet Evils, and forsake Content:
 Fed with vain Hopes, how many purchase Woe!
 How few, alas! their real Int'rest know.
 Shou'dst thou, vain *Lullus*, all thy Wishes fate,
 50 And seize with giddy Hands the Reins of State;
 When Faction dire, with all their horrid Train,
 Prey on thy Ease, and rack thy tortur'd Brain;
 When all the dang'rous Sands and Shelves appear,
 Thro' which with cautious Conduct thou must steer:
 55 How will thy Soul, with Terror and Affright,
 Start at the dreadful, the distracting Sight!
 Then, then, too late, thou'lt curse, in wild Despair,
 Th'ambitious Thoughts that made thee grasp at Care,
 And barter ev'ry sweet and happy Hour,
 60 For the sure Pain and Misery of Pow'r.
 Stern *Turnus* thus, when wretched *Pallas* dy'd,
 Tore the gay Trophy from his bleeding Side,
 With vaunting Wrath, and unrelenting Pride.
 But when the fatal Prize *Aeneas* view'd,
 65 And claim'd Atonement for his dear Friend's Blood,

He

He curs'd the Hour *Evander's* Son was slain,
And wish'd the glitt'ring Spoil untouch'd had been,
Or that th'unhappy *Pallas* liv'd again.

Are these Things so? --- ill-manner'd --- cries;
70 And ecchoing *M---s*, *Yes, they are*, replies,
While scurril Taunt both Truth and Sense supplies.

Are not our Fleets already on the Main,
The distant Terror of insulting *Spain*?
Is there no Time, no Diligence, no Care
75 Requir'd to raise those glorious Bulks of War?
Is it worth nothing to have such a Guard?
Or is it nothing to be thus prepar'd?
Can we direct *what Winds our Sails shall fill*?
Can we, if Heaven's 'gainst us, *steer at Will*?
80 Or when, with fav'ring Gales, we've made our Way
From *sam'd St. Helen's* to *as sam'd Torbay*;
Ought we, presumptuous Thought! but once complain,
If *Fate* commands our Vessels *back again*?

But have our Foes unhurt triumphant rode?
85 And has no Check their forward Courage aw'd?
Have we, *quite lost to Glory*, soundly slept?
Have all our Pow'rs a *drowsy Sabbath* kept?
Have they all flighted *Empire* and *Renown*,
Bemus'd at Home, or *sunk in foreign Down*?
90 Why these Rejoicings? --- Why this grateful Sound,
Whose Undulation swells all *England* round?
Why to the brazen Trump of spreading Fame,
Does ev'ry *Briton* eccho *Vernon's* Name?
Has *Porto Bello*, and has *Chagre* fell,
95 And yet, ungrateful Men! Is nothing well?
Or dare you basely, after this, cry on,
" *So many Millions spent, yet nothing done*?"

Is Britain *sunk to such a low Degree*,
That *France* and *Spain* must limit her the Sea?
100 Is *she*, as *Fame* reports her, *fall'n so low*; ---
She, who was once so great and glorious? --- No.
Already to its Cost proud *Spain* has prov'd,
She's sole unquestion'd *Monarch of the Flood*;
Already felt her fierce, all-conqu'ring Fire,
105 And learnt to tremble at her 'vengeful Ire.

And *France*, presumptuous *France*, too soon shall know,
What *Britons*, justly mov'd to Wrath, can do;
While the whole judging Universe shall see,
Our Hands and Hearts are resolute and free.

- 110 Curse on the Man, whose poison'd Soul would blast
His Country's Quiet for his own Repast:
Who snarls at all things he's too weak to mend,
And rallies Schemes he cannot comprehend:
Who fill'd with Notions of he knows not what,
115 Deems it his Duty to revile the Great.
Like the base Hound, who, full of native Spite,
Barks at the silver Moon's refulgent Light,
'Cause he's so vilely mean, she's so divinely bright.

- When, say who can, has Virtue been impair'd?
120 When has it fail'd to meet its due Regard?
Who e'er to fully real Merit strove?
Or rob a brave Man of his Country's Love?
Vernon has nobly well his Duty done,
And *Britain* owns him for a Worthy Son.
125 'Twere base and mean, with little Arts, to soil
The just Reward of his so glorious Toil:
And 'twere as base and wretched, not to raise
The grateful Voice, and join the gen'ral Praise.
Yet *Chagré's* rising Tow'rs might still have stood,
130 And *Porto Bello* menac'd still the Flood;
Had not the Prudence, whose incessant Care
Protects us still alike in Peace or War;
Full of the Spirit of an injur'd Land,
Thus giv'n th'important politick Command:
135 "Go forth, my Son, and Master of the Main,
"Write their proud Insults in the Blood of *Spain*;
"Level their Pride, and bid the Wretches feel
"Th'extremest Wrath of thy avenging Steel;
"Till scatter'd Tow'rs in smoking Ruins lie,
140 "And dastard Cries invade the distant Sky.
"With fatal Terrors arm'd, go forth, my Son:
"This - - - be this Justice to thy Country done."
And shall we then forget the first, best Cause
Of all these Blessings, in our loud Applause?
145 Or ought not ev'ry *British* Soul to say,
Hail! to the glorious Author of To-day. - - -

Will

Will nothing ever drive ye to Despair,
 Ye hungry Swarms of *Grubstreet*, and *Rag-fair*?
 Will nothing your malicious Gall assuage?
 150 Will your uneasy Spite for ever rage?
 See WALPOLE brighter from your Venom rise,
 See him disdain your unavailing Lies,
 And all your empty Menaces despise.
 In conscious Justice cloath'd, your Arts he views,
 155 Yet calmly great his candid Course pursues:
All Rancour, Party, Pique, expung'd his Mind;
 Regardless of himself - - - to serve Mankind.

Go on, brave Man, and, in thy noble Heart,
 Still let thy Country claim the better Part:
 160 Still, best of Patriots, kindly guard her Cause,
 And shield her Rights, her Liberties, her Laws:
 So 'mongst the Noblest shalt thou foremost shine,
 And ev'ry honest *Briton's* Praise be thine.
 And when the fatal Day at length shall come,
 165 When thou must meet inevitable Doom;
 When thy gross Part shall sink to mould'ring Clay,
 And thy great Soul impatient wing its Way.
 (For even *Cato* felt the leaden Weight,
 And *Brutus* crouch'd to unrelenting Fate:
 170 Nor can the most consummate Virtue save,
 Its mortal Master from the greedy Grave.)
 In ev'ry grateful Breast thy Worth shall live,
 And thy sure Fame to endless Years survive;
 While this just Tribute to thy sacred Tomb,
 175 Shall fire the Souls of Ages yet to come,
 " That great Man's Reliques fill this little Urn,
 " Who late made *England* blest, now makes it mourn.
 " Ah! why to grieve or bless us, gracious Heav'n!
 " Was he at all, or why not longer giv'n!

180 To Royal GEORGE let ev'ry *Briton* sing,
 Our most indulgent Parent, Friend and King.
 His chief Delight - - - is still to nurse the State;
 His Care - - - to make us Happy, Good and Great;
 His sole Ambition - - - in our Hearts to reign;
 185 His Pride - - - to ease our Cares, and sooth our Pain;
 His Scorn - - - each giddy, carping, factious Knave,
 Each creeping Tool, and ev'ry Venal Slave.

And

- And will not England with her King unite,
 To vindicate the Nation's injur'd Right?
 190 Will she not wait till his Designs are known,
 At once t'advance his Glory, and her own?
 Yes: --- in her Sov'reign's Care she'll firmly trust;
 She knows him Gen'rous, Brave, Sincere and Just:
 Already his victorious Arm is known;
 195 His endless Glory lives in ev'ry Zone;
 And Flandrian Plains, yet hot with Blood, can tell,
 Beneath his conqu'ring Sword what Thousands fell.
 Protected thus, with such a Guardian Force,
 Soon no proud Don shall dare molest her Course;
 200 And certain Vengeance shall on Spain be pour'd,
 Unless till Sev'nfold's for her Wrongs restor'd.

F I N I S.

